

# THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

And Other Poems,

*Translated from the Gaelic of*

DUGALD BUCHANNAN,

AND

PETER GRANT.

BY HUGH M'COLL.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, A

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DUGALD  
BUCHANNAN,

Compiled from his Autobiography.

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STRATHROY, ONT.

Printed at the AGE Book and Job Office.

1870.

James J. Cornwell  
\* 15, 1821.

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## PREFACE.

Many years ago, partly for my own amusement and improvement, I engaged in translating the Gaelic Poems of Buchannan and Grant into verse. The work was gradually continued until I had translated all of Buchannan's and two of Grant's. Various parties who had seen them expressed a desire that they should be published. Under the impression that the publication would be attended with pecuniary loss, which I could ill afford, I steadily declined. But more recently, under altered circumstances, and with sufficient encouragement to induce the belief that the undertaking would pay, the publication has been commenced, and after an unavoidable delay, it is now, with considerable diffidence, submitted to the judgment of an indulgent public.

It is extremely easy to find fault with any production, and there may be critics who can detect errors and defects in this. But while far from claiming perfection for my own humble efforts, I would ask all such to consider the great difficulty of translating poetry in one language into poetry in another. I have endeavored throughout, to make the translation as faithful and literal as possible consistently with the versification and spirit of the original. The most literal translation is not always the most faithful. It may be mentioned that Grant's poems, of which I have translated only two, are much more numerous than Buchannan's. Any defects which may be found in this little work will be removed, and additional translations given, if it should ever reach a second edition.

HUGH McCOLL.

Strathroy, March, 1870.

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# A SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF

## DUGALD BUCHANNAN,

Compiled from his Autobiography.

The Autobiography of Dugald Buchanan is almost entirely the history of his conversion and religious experience. In simple yet expressive style—in a manner at once faithful, self denying, and evidencing genuine piety, he narrates his early life, his errors, his various exercises of mind, his intense agony of soul, and his subsequent deliverance and happiness in the enjoyment of true religion. In our brief space we can not do him justice ; all that can be done is to give, as nearly as possible, an accurate and truthful summary.

Dugald Buchanan was born of pious parents, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the year 1716. He was carefully trained, especially by his mother, of whose strict discipline, pious teachings, and good example he speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude. When five or six years old, he was once guilty of Sabbath breaking, and had as a consequence a horrible dream which greatly troubled him. In 1722 his mother died, and from that time he was permitted to mingle with wicked com-

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panions, form bad habits and indulge in sin without any restraint, except from frightful dreams which disturbed him from 1722 to 1725. About the time these visions ceased he fell into a species of despair, caused chiefly through being impressed by the passage, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He continued in this state of mind for three years. At the age of twelve he was engaged as preceptor in a family residing at some distance from his home. The family with one exception, (the mother) appear to have been very profane and dissolute, and he soon became like them. One Sunday evening, after having been affectionately exhorted by the mistress of the house, and told of the probable circumstances and time of the day of judgment, a terrible storm came on, and believing that the great day had actually come, he was greatly alarmed, and determined upon future reformation. His resolutions were soon broken. After five months he went home, and afterwards to Stirling. He had two or three narrow escapes from drowning, and at another time was very near being killed by a drunken soldier. He read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," which had a marked influence, but this soon wore off; he again relapsed into sin, and became a notorious liar. He afterwards went to Edinburgh, remaining there six months, and was then bound as apprentice to a house carpenter at Kippen, for three years. Here, through Mr. Potter's preaching, and pious company, his religious convictions increased; he entered into a covenant with God, but soon afterwards violated it, and consequently became ex-

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tremely unhappy. Soon after he left his master, and again fell into a state of despair, and tried, though in vain, to be an Atheist, and disbelieve the Bible. His distress and agitation of mind continued till he was 24 years of age; he feared greatly that he should die as Francis Spira did, but concealed his thoughts from every one. He soon after visited Edinburgh, and a conversation he had on the way home considerably affected his thoughts and feelings.— Another conversation with his sister, and the reading of a book called the "Practice of Godliness," were the means of making a great change in his conduct, which was speedily noticed, especially by his former associates. In August, 1741, he attended a sacramental occasion, and going out one evening soon after to pray, he found great relief; a gleam of the heavenly light burst upon his soul. In 1742 he had various exercises of mind. His convictions of sin were poignant. He tried, but in vain, to reclaim his former wicked companions, and was esteemed very holy, which caused him much grief, as he felt himself unworthy to be so esteemed. He felt keenly that he was a great sinner, and fully justified God should He destroy him forever, without mercy or forgiveness. He kept a record of his transgressions, which he frequently reviewed, and which he calls "the black book of my sins." But the light of life—the glorious shining of the Sun of Righteousness, began now to dawn upon his soul. A conversation with a pious woman did much to enlighten his mind, and give him a better view of the plan of salvation. For several weeks he had many struggles of

mind ; temptations beset him as to election and doubts and fears as to his own unworthiness ; but while trembling, fearing, and distressed, tokens of Divine love were not wanting ; he heard sermons in Mull, at Cambuslang, and other places, which afforded him more or less relief ; and at last on the 2nd of January, 1743, the darkness which had so long encompassed him, with all its terrors, fled away, and the true light appeared.

On this eventful day, he had such a view as he says he could never be able to express, of Christ, as made unto his soul, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." Filled with joy at the pleasing discovery, he breaks out in ecstasy :—"This is the foundation of my hope, my comfort, my rest, my protection. And now, O my soul! what thinkest thou of Christ? Is He not the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely? Is He not thy whole salvation, thy whole desire? Yes, yes, verily!" Soon after, while hearing a sermon, he was so filled with wonder at the exceeding riches of God's grace to such a sinner as himself, that he could scarce refrain from lifting up his voice in the midst of the congregation.

He continued for several months in a very happy frame of mind, notwithstanding temptations from without and discouragements from within. Arian and Socinian doctrines were presented to his mind, to lead him astray ; his old sins revived at times, and he was much distressed at the thought that he had been too free in making his religious experience known to others, but he found and felt the efficacy of prayer,

and the presence and prevalence of an Intercessor, and rested secure on the immovable Rock of Ages.

He appointed the 6th of August, 1743, as a day of fasting and solemn covenant with God, and accordingly repaired to a cave at a short distance from his residence for that purpose. The prayer and covenant made on this occasion occupies some thirteen pages of his autobiography. It is a beautiful piece of composition, and we would gladly give it in full did space permit.— He begins by a solemn confession of sin, but gives glory to God who “foresaw thine misery from eternity, provided a suitable remedy, and laid help upon one who is mighty to save, even Jesus Christ.” He closes in with God’s offered mercy, renews his baptismal covenant, forsakes Satan, Sin, and the world, and accepts the “blessed Jesus, in whom dwell all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” He calls heaven and earth to witness that he accepts God the Father, as his father, God the Son as his Saviour, and God the Spirit as his sanctifier. He gives himself up unreservedly to the glorious Trinity, to be enlightened, sanctified, protected and preserved to the end. He covenants with the eternal King to be now and forever His, while at the same time relying on Divine grace to enable him faithfully to fulfil his covenant.— He ends thus :—“O my God ! keep me from the smallest encouragement to sin, on account of the steadfastness of Thy covenant ; O grant it may be to me a source of consolation that will not forsake me thro’ all the days of my life, nor at the hour of death ; that I may rejoice in Him as my cov-

enant God in Christ, both in time, and thro' the endless ages of eternity; and as the conclusion of the matter, I give my assent to this whole covenant, and write it down with my hand, my heart and my soul; that God is faithful in the report he gave of Christ: and I place to it my seal that there is life in Him, and not in any other." This covenant is signed by his name, and dated, "In the cave of the rock, August 6th, 1743."

Soon after he was tempted to believe that he had been deceived, and that all was a delusion. This trouble continued from Dec. 1st, 1743, to March 14th, 1744, when he was happily delivered. In 1745 the rebellion in favor of Charles Stuart, known as the Pretender, agitated the Highlands. Buchanan himself took no part in it; but a relation named Francis Buchanan, who was also entirely innocent, having been executed at Penrith, his heart was filled with revengeful feelings, and in consequence, for the following five years, he walked in darkness and misery, mourning, for the most part, the absence of his Saviour. At length in July, 1750, he enjoyed deliverance, and was enabled freely to forgive his enemies. He soon after fell into a serious illness, and expected it to terminate fatally, but to him death had no terrors; he felt fully prepared for the solemn change. While conscious of his sinfulness, and pained at the thought of parting with his wife and child, he was enabled by faith in a risen Saviour, to repose with full confidence in God's favor, both for time and for eternity. He, however, recovered, and for many weeks after

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journeyed in a region of unclouded light, in the enjoyment of joy inexpressible and full of glory. He gave himself up wholly to God; felt in his soul the outpouring of Divine blessings, like a feast of fat things; and felt lost in wonder, love and praise of the boundlessness of the redeeming grace of Christ. Enjoying happiness unspeakable—a happiness which this world could neither give nor take away—he asks, “Where art thou, O my soul?” and his soul replied, “Lost in the shoreless and bottomless ocean of God’s love.” He raises his soul in prayer to God and says:—“And now, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three persons in one God, I call heaven and earth to witness that I am not any longer my own, but Thine, to be worked upon by Thee, and to work for Thee.” “I promise in the presence of God, and the holy angels, and call my conscience and everything about me to witness, that when I find Thy will, I will not fight against it, but yield to it. Keep me from myself, for I am my own greatest enemy.” “And now Lord, grant that this dedication of myself to Thee, my taking of Thee as my God in Christ, and my being a subject of thy spiritual work, may be as in the days gone by, that may not be again recalled. I set my signature to it on earth, and let it be confirmed in heaven.”

Here his autobiography ends. From a note appended we learn that he lived for eighteen years afterwards, and in 1775 became a school teacher in Rannoch, Perthshire. He died, probably, about the year 1780. His Poems were first published in Edinburgh in 1766. We may regret that

we have not more particulars of his life and history. But enough may be known from his autobiography, and from the Poems of which a translation has been attempted in the following pages, to prove that he was a man of eminent piety, extraordinary mind, and great penetration of intellect. We venture the opinion that his Poems will compare favorably with the productions of many who occupy a high place in the literary world. But whatever doubt may exist as to their literary merit, there can be none as to the deep religious feeling which pervades them, and the author's earnest desire that they should be instrumental in advancing the glory of God, and the salvation of mankind. Buchannan undoubtedly occupies a very prominent position among the numerous Gaelic poets whose works display true poetical genius; and while no translation can do an author justice, it is hoped that the present one will give a tolerably correct idea of poems well worthy of being more generally read, and which would otherwise remain entirely unknown except to the comparatively few who can peruse them in the original language.

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## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

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O King of glory, raise my thoughts ;  
On me the fluent tongue bestow,  
The terrors of that last great day,  
In a becoming way to show.

Let wretched sinners by Thy power,  
Repentance now from Thee obtain ;  
And bless this poem unto all,  
Who may regard its warning strain.

When all but few of Adam's race,  
Away from Jesus thoughtless roam ;  
Drown in the depths of carnal ease,  
All thought of a last day of doom.

When sin's deep sleep does chain their souls,  
And dreams of bliss their time employ ;  
Nor doubt, nor fear, does cloud their hope,  
Of entrance into realms of joy.

O then, at midnight's silent hour,  
When most are chained in sleep profound,  
All, in an instant, shall be roused,  
By the last trumpet's loudest sound.

Throned on a cloud, with sounding trump,  
A mighty angel sits on high,  
To call all mankind to the bar,  
Of Him who rules the earth and sky.



O all ye varied tribes of men,  
Your cherished home at last must die ;  
Rise sleeping dead to life again,  
For now the final Judge is nigh.

The dreadful sound of that last trump,  
Shall rock these seas, the mountains shake ;  
Earth's sleeping dead shall leap to life,  
And those who live with terror quake.

With his tempestuous oral gale,  
This world he furiously shall rend ;  
And as the ant hill, when it moves,  
The grave its dead will upward send.

Then bones on earth, placed far apart,  
At His command shall come apace ;  
And tumult through their armies reign,  
While each one finds its proper place.

Behold from heaven's exalted dome,  
To many a tomb bright spirits wing ;  
To meet their precious bodies raised,  
From their long sleep, in bliss to sing.

With heavenly joy their heads they raise,  
Their day of freedom now has come ;  
And in their souls their Saviour shines,  
As does a fruit tree in its bloom.

Internal beauties deck their souls :  
The Holy Ghost the work has wrought ;  
Without Christ's robe of righteousness,  
In all its glory shows no spot.

See next a horrid reptile tribe,  
Roused in black terror from the tomb ;  
While, in thick hosts, from hell their souls,  
To give them awful meeting come.

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Then will the spirit wailing tell,  
Its wretched, beastly, dreadful cage :  
" Alas ! why hast thou risen up,  
To make our torments two-fold rage ?"

" O must thy horrid jail of filth,  
Once more confine this weary soul ?  
Alas ! why did I e'er with thee,  
In pleasure's fatal courses roll ?"

" O can I ever with thee part ?  
Or ever, ever, shalt thou die ?  
Can fire consume thine iron bones ?  
Or God's great wrath thy flesh destroy ?"

Behold earth's kings, and great men rise ;  
No power or sceptre now they have ;  
Unknown among the gathered host,  
From him they kept their abject slave.

The hell bred tribe of pride who spurned,  
To do Jehovah's spoken will,  
Behold, upon their bended knees,  
Their prayers arising to each hill.

" O circling rocks upon us fall,  
With crushing shower of solid stone ;  
Destroy us from the land of life,  
Hide from Jehovah's wrathful son !"

From Tophet's den the Prince of sin,  
And his black angels, pour their throng ;  
Hard is his fate, but he must come,  
His fetters chanting dismal song.

The heavens assume a crimson hue,  
As when the sun foreshows his rise ;  
His herald, who, with dreadful day,  
Comes radiant through the blushing skies.

Th' obedient clouds their masses part :  
Behold the final Judge displayed !  
Now coming through His chamber door,  
In endless pomp and glory clad.

The rainy-bow His head surrounds,  
Like the vale's flood His sounding voice ;  
His eyes look as the lightning quick,  
When thro' the clouds it shoots with noise.

The king of day his sceptre yields,  
Lost in the glory of that blaze ;  
His dazzling light is quickly quenched,  
Before the great Light-giver's face.

A mourning garment shrouds his globe ;  
The moon seems as if girt with blood ;  
The powers sidereal trembling shake,  
Loos'd from the stations where they stood.

As fruit on trees in times of storm,  
They flutter in the frightful skies ;  
Descending like the thickening rain—  
Their glory like to dead men's eyes.

On a fire-chariot He'll sit down,  
And round Him thunder's roar shall send,  
Its awful voice to heaven's extreme ;  
The clouds tempestuously to rend.

Forth from His chariot wheels shall come,  
On fire of wrath, a flaming stream ;  
And it shall spread out on all sides,  
Enveloping the world in flame.

As wax is melted down by fire,  
The elements shall melted be ;  
The hills and mountains upward blaze,  
And furious boil the raging sea.

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Those sterile mountains ne'er gave forth,  
 Their treasures, willingly, to man ;  
 Do now pour forth a mighty stream,  
 Of liquid treasure rolling on.

O you who scraped the shining gold,  
 With avarice, with crime, or blood ;  
 Now satisfy your strong desire,  
 And freely drink it from the flood.

Ye builders on this lower world,  
 With saddest wail now mourn his case ;  
 While, like a man of giant power,  
 He struggles with relentless death.

His veins were wont throughout the vales,  
 Sportive to wind their crystal rills,  
 Are now cast by intensest heat,  
 In angry jets among the hills.

Behold the tremor shakes him round !  
 Each rock is loosened in its place ;  
 His heart now bursting in his frame,  
 O hear his heavy groans of death !

That curtain blue beyond the sun,  
 Round universal nature rolls  
 Its cloak, is gathered by the flame,  
 Like dry peeled bark on living coals.

Dense clouds surcharge the loaded skies,  
 The smoke in masses dark ascends ;  
 And the destroying fire breaks out,  
 In coiling masses round it sends.

Around this dark terrestrial ball  
 Loud thunder's voice shall fiercely roar ;  
 The flame shall naked leave the sky,  
 As fire in drowth leaves heath hills hoar.

Yet more to swell the raging storm,  
From heaven's four points the wild winds  
blow ;

Driven by the might of angels strong  
To expedite destruction's flow.

Jehovah's work of six days now,  
The furious flame asunder whirls ;  
How great Thy wealth who missest not,  
The shipwreck of a thousand worlds !

While death's fell grasp binds all below,  
And all creation's being o'erthrown ;  
The Judge will bring His presence near,  
To end each matter from His throne.

Then will He move from heaven's height,  
On His majestic throne come down ;  
With pageantry ne'er seen before,  
And with divinity clothed round.

A thousand thunders in His hand,  
He holds, His foes to spoil in wrath ;  
All trembling ready to go forth,  
Like dogs in fury for the chase.

Their eyes fixed steadfast on their king  
Myriads of angels round Him stand,  
To any place He may them send,  
To run with speed, at his command.

O Judas ! and thy brethren all  
In treason ; to his presence come ;  
Ye who renounced Christ's precious faith,  
Or sold him for a worthless sum.

Before God's heaven of bliss and joy,  
Deluded souls ! ye loved bright gold ;  
Your gathering woes, caused by yourselves,  
And woeful error, now behold.

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Ye proud who thought it burning shame,  
That piety should near you dwell ;  
Behold His glory, nor think strange,  
Though from His bliss He you repel.

O Herod now behold the King,  
Thou once with hellish pride didst spurn ;  
Arraying him in purple robe,  
In semblance of thy teeming scorn !

Behold the Judge of all the world,  
Wrapt in a garment of red flame !  
Come to reward the truly just,  
And in His wrath the wicked maim !

O, Pilate ! raise thy wond'ring eye ;  
Behold the amazing change in Him !  
Wilt thou believe there sitteth He  
That, Judge unjust, thou didst condemn.

Wilt thou believe His radiant head,  
Is that once crowned with piercing thorn ?  
Or is that lustrous face the same,  
Once spit on by the Jews in scorn ?

Refusing to behold the deed,  
Was it enough the sun should hide ?  
Why did not all creation die  
When her great God was crucified ?

His winged attendants forth He'll send,  
Thro' earth's wide regions, near and far,  
To gather all earth's peoples in,  
With speed, before His awful bar.

All in a body that e'er dwelt,  
From east and west do now arrive ;  
As round a branch a swarm of bees,  
When they have risen out from the hive.

Then glorious angels shall upraise,  
Christ's standard—its escutcheon blood ;  
To gather all in right that walked  
And in His death and suff'rings stood.

My chosen saints together bring :  
Collect each one of all that race  
Who diligently cov'nant made  
With me, obediently, in faith.

Then will the Judge begin the day,  
'Neath sentence just to bring his foes ;  
And open up th' unerring books,  
Which record of their sins disclose.

The heart he'll also open wide,  
And vivid spread before all men  
All loathsomeness made its abode  
Of filth, within that mazy den.

When thus their real selves they view,  
God's justice doubtless they can know ;  
Their cheek shall melt with burning shame,  
Exceeding fire's intensest glow.

Again the trump its sound proclaims :  
" Let there no motion be or speech,  
That all both great and small may hear  
The judgment will be passed on each.

" Ye covetous who right forsook,  
And in your wealth did hope and rest,  
Who bound with closest grasp your hearts,  
Your ears shut from the poor's request.

" The wretched hungry you fed not,  
Though I myself did fill your chest ;  
Nor clothed the naked from the cold,  
Tho' year by year your flocks increased.

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" Nor are you for my kingdom fit,  
Devoid of mercy, love and truth ;  
And as you tore my image off,  
Yourself, in all your woe, accuse.

" And you who poured forth fervent prayer  
Your souls might Satan's prey become ;  
Receive an answer to your cries,  
And never say that hard's the doom !

" And you did whet your ven'mous tongues  
Like sharpened steel for slander's road,  
With calumny, reproach and lies,  
And blasphemy, insulting God.

" Destroying snakes of horrid form,  
No melody your hissings send ;  
Nor will I hear your forked tongues' praise  
With poison's dew upon their end.

" And you my statutes did detest,  
To whom an hour was as a year,  
When, in my house, you ne'er could love,  
You restless sat my laws to hear.

" How could you, then, enjoy with me,  
A blissful sabbath evermore ?  
Or yet how could your soul that love,  
Which your base nature did abhor ?

" Ill willed, and envious tribe of hell,  
Whose deepest woe's another's joy ;  
In bitter grief you gnaw your tongue,  
When any one has passed you by.

" How, in my realms, thro' endless years,  
Could perfect bliss be known by you,  
Where, vastly raised above yourselves,  
Thousands of others you must view ?



"While you could in my kingdom see  
One than yourselves appointed higher ;  
Would not your envy and ill-will,  
E'en there for you arouse hell fire ?

"And you who trod uncleanness' path,  
And did the marriage bed defile ;  
You who my holiness did hate,  
And placed in power your fleshly will :

"As 'twas your joy to burn in heat  
Of pride—for you I've wrath prepared—  
A burning bed in which to lie,  
In coiling flames unceasing stirred.

"Though I should grant you glory's climes,  
Your nature foul would writhe in pain ;  
Your lusts would languish, wanting food,  
As swine within a king's domain.

"All for my kingdom are prepared,  
Now to my right hand joyful haste ;  
And from the beauteous fruitful trees,  
To left the withered brush sweep past."

Then quick He'll separate their hosts,  
The naked goats, and sheep divide ;  
As when a shepherd keeps his flock,  
Adjusted on a mountain side.

Then will He tell those on His right :  
"You fitted by my saving grace ;  
Come and possess that kingdom now,  
Where happiness can never cease.

"The gate was shut on you I broke,  
By my obedience and sharp woe ;  
And in my side the spear oped up,  
A free wide door through which to go.

"With everlasting joy come near,  
The tree of life in Paradise ;  
And for your former wounds and sores,  
Now all her glorious merits prize.

"The naked sword that fiercely flamed,  
Since Eve of old and Adam's day ;  
For it my heart a sheath I made,  
And with my blood its flame did stay.

"Beneath her foliage now sit down ;  
Her blossom ne'er fades or decays ;  
And as the thrush, the branches through,  
Your souls attune to sing his praise.

"With all her beauty please your eye ;  
No heat can scorch you 'neath her shade ;  
Health drink down from her fragrant leaves,  
While by her fruit immortal made.

"Now unforbidden—to you free,  
Are all the fruits in heaven that bloom ;  
Eat without fear—the dragon's wiles,  
Near these bright fields can never come.

"And all your soul's enlarged desires,  
In God now fully satisfy ;  
That well of mercy, love and truth,  
Which endless ages cannot dry.

"The wondrous plan of saving grace,  
In heighth and depth investigate ;  
And through my mighty empire wide,  
Your knowledge, thirstful, still inflate.

"Your joy, your beauty, sense, and love,  
Shall still increase, as ages roll ;  
Nought can e'er cross your blissful path,  
To wound or grieve your halcyon soul.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
The bliss stored up, in yon bright clime ;  
Now go, and let what you enjoy,  
Be still your proof through endless time."

He next addresses those to left,  
While on His brow sits vengeance stern :  
"You who gave not your love to God,  
To Satan's dens your faces turn :

"My curse forever be with you  
To wound with keenest pangs your soul ;  
Now to that furnace vast depart,  
To broil in heat while ages roll."

Then as the earth asunder tore,  
When Corah's tribe it took away ;  
Close by the pit its jaws disclose,  
With famished longings for its prey.

The dismal gulf of endless death,  
Will compass down their hosts about,  
With greedy maw, e'en as the whale  
Did Jonah swallow when cast out.

They in their dens together come,  
Who trod on earth the ways of sin ;  
Adult'ers, swearers, murd'ers, thieves ;  
All drunkards and all perjured men.

Like bundled briars, tightly bound,  
Each one is prisoned in a chain ;  
And those held fellowship on earth,  
As naked pricks, each other pain.

Like a fierce lion, firmly bound,  
With tusks his fetters tearing out ;  
Their chains they furiously shall gnaw,  
Nor e'er their teeth of brass can cut.

Grief shall wring out their tortured souls,  
Death's grasp eternally shall chain ;  
Bound on a sulph'rous fiery sea,  
Whose noxious smoke their nostrils pain.

Like barnacles stuck to the reef,  
They are on boiling rocks of ire ;  
And God's fierce wrath that ocean blows,  
Above their heads in waves of fire.

When painful slumber shuts their eyes,  
Despair and wrath no rest can know,  
The deathless worm and living coals,  
Increasing still their endless woe.

When they're possessed of hell's black caves  
And know what king they must obey ;  
We may their agonized complaint,  
In these heart-rending words pourtray :

"Why did heav'n's King my life bestow !  
O were blank nothing's shades my home !  
My thousand curses on the day,  
I first was formed within the womb !

"Why didst thou understanding give,  
Or sense and reason to control ?  
Why not a transient insect make,  
Or crawling worm, low in the mould ?

"Shall I last here through endless worlds ?  
Shall change come o'er me any more ?  
Am I now in eternity ?  
Upon a sea without a shore ?

"Though I should number heaven's stars,  
All grass and leaves e'er clothed the ground  
With ev'ry drop the sea contains,  
And each sand grain the shores surround.

"Though I a thousand weary years  
Do set apart for every one  
Of these, within this dismal place,  
Eternity has but begun.

"But O ! has mercy ceased in God ?  
Will He through years eternal pain ?  
My fetters will He e'er relax,  
Or my imprisoned hands unchain ?

"O must the mouth by God ordained,  
Thro' boundless years His praise to swell,  
Be made the bellows of His wrath,  
To fan the dark green flame of hell ?

"Although my woe exceeds my strength,  
No wrong I suffer from Thy hand ;  
But yet how long must anguish tear,  
Ere justice gets its whole demand ?

"Or wilt Thou ever be revenged ?  
Is nature's day returnless gone ?  
Alas my grief ! do I now feel  
The death to Adam first made known ?

"For vengeance sake my thread of life,  
Forever fine wilt thou spin out ?  
Are not a thousand years enough,  
For each one sin on earth I wrought ?

"Though wrath relentless me pursue,  
Yet will it not exalt Thy praise ;  
Nor Thy great Majesty become.  
To spend thy ire on one so base.

"O God annihilate me quite,  
And by Thy power bring me to nought ;  
To non-existence cast me off,  
Where there's no feeling, deed or thought.

"But O, my just deserts I bear ;  
Nor do I feel injustice's rod ;  
For Christ, free-offered, I refused ;  
Nor did esteem His precious blood.

"That witness always did accuse—  
My conscience, ever will condemn ;  
Nor wrong, nor rigor in my death,  
Will ever let me charge to Him.

"His just commands I cast aside,  
And earnest ran to death and hell :  
His witness in my heart did quench,  
And shut my eyes against my weal.

"For all my sin, so dreadful bold,  
What must I bear of vengeful wrath ?  
The sin defied Christ's precious blood,  
And made of no effect his death !

"But yet are not Thy attributes,  
Non-ending, from eternity ?  
And shall my guilt make grace and love,  
Become concentrated in Thee ?

"Is Thine the power to cast me off,  
Where Thou wilt never hear my cry ?  
Is darkness thick in hell itself,  
Can hide my torments from Thine eye ?

"In perfect bliss, wilt thou bow down,  
To hear Thy creature's faint request ;  
That cries out, 'Father, pity me,  
And let my boiling bones have rest !

"Hear, O my God, my wretched plaint,  
And tears my heart, each heavy groan ;  
While one thing I of Thee desire,  
Despite all sin I've ever done.

"When thro' ten thousand mournful years,  
This furious flame shall mete my woes ;  
When devils of tormenting tire,  
Grant, I may find in death, repose ;

"Tho' hard my prayer thou wilt not hear ;  
Nor ease, nor rest, I'll e'er obtain ;  
But life immortal, still renewed,  
To strengthen me to bear more pain."

But stay my Muse, again return,  
From horrid slaughter's dismal den ;  
And see what counsel—thence to save—  
Thou mayest address to living men.

My reader, has the truth thus far,  
Sustained, at ev'ry step, my lay ?  
If so, now come and bend thy knee  
In prayer repentant, nor delay.

Both loathing and detesting sin,  
Fly, fly in haste to Jesus' Cross ;  
With living faith obey the King,  
In all His statutes and His laws.

In all His offices receive  
The glorious Lamb, nor one reject :  
As Priest, as Prophet, and as King,  
To guide, to save, and thee protect.

Before thee His example place,  
And by it guide thy earthly way ;  
And all the means to save thee given,  
Use constant through life's transient day.

Trust to His righteousness alone,  
All human merit quite reject ;  
Nor nourish sin within Thy breast,  
If thou wouldst feel His death's effect.

Thus, though thy sins be great, yet thou  
Mayst for God's glory heav'nward raise ;  
And for thy own eternal joy,  
Through endless years to sing his praise.

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## CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

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The sufferings of my Saviour,  
My poem shall portray ;  
That lofty King's abasement,  
In all His earthly way ;  
It was the greatest wonder,  
To peoples ever told,  
That the eternal Sov'reign,  
A suckling's rank should hold.

When in the womb conceived,  
By God's own Spirit's aid ;  
That, with Himself in union,  
Our nature might be made ;  
He veiled about his Godhead ;  
The Word was then made flesh ;  
And God's decree revealed,  
With glory in his face.

Born in an abject stable,  
Like a poor orphan low ;  
None there to show Him kindness,  
Or lodgings to bestow ;  
None to His wants would minister,  
No furniture or dress ;  
But bestial herds came round Him,  
To whom belongs all praise.



Scarce had been known his advent  
When pow'rful en'mies rose ;  
He had to fly to Egypt ;  
King Herod followed close ;  
And he so hostile, vengeful,  
The heav'nly Babe to slay,  
That each child in his kingdom,  
He killed without delay.

There were holes for the foxes,  
To hide them from distress ;  
Birds of the air had nests in  
The branches of the trees ;  
But He who did create them,  
And all things that were made,  
Had, like a wand'ring exile,  
No place to lay His head.

And while the gracious Saviour  
Dwelt in this world of pain ;  
A loving kind Physician,  
He healed the sons of men ;  
And each disease most dang'rous  
And keen distemper hard,  
Received health's magic impress,  
When He but spoke the word.

The dumb his speech received ;  
The lame his strength did find ;  
He gave the deaf their hearing,  
And vision to the blind ;  
He cleansed the loathsome leper,  
And soundness in him placed ;  
He healed each soul distemper ;  
The dead to life He raised.

He preached His glorious gospel  
To poor and wretched men ;  
And promised endless freedom  
To captives from their chain ;

If they the truth received,  
With pure and living faith ;  
And if they'd be converted,  
From the works of the flesh.

Some followed to the desert,  
And near three days remained ;  
Five thousand was their number,  
Who, wanting bread, were faint :  
The little found He blessed,  
The loaves and fishes gave ;  
They ate their fill, and fragments,  
Twelve baskets-full did save.

He quelled the ocean's raging,  
The proud waves set to rest ;  
The wind most strong and stormy  
He compassed in His fist ;  
But to recite each wonder,  
Which Jesus did below,  
Earth could not hold of writings,  
What would them wholly show.

But when the time drew near, that  
He should to glory pass ;  
He gathered His disciples,  
And food prepared was ;  
He made them sit, while all things  
Upon the table stood ;  
Then bread and wine divided  
To mean His flesh and blood.

He gave this as an ordinance,  
Forever they should take ;  
For to reveal His sufferings  
He suffered for their sake ;  
That they should eat and drink of  
The virtues of His grace ;  
And keep it a memorial,  
Among them of his death.

When He came to the garden,  
Who can his pain believe ?  
When horrid, bitter, wrathful,  
The cup he did receive ;  
His branching veins were boiling,  
Wrung through his body round ;  
A bloody sweat, it poured,  
In large drops to the ground.

Then on His knees He fell down,  
And earnestly did pray ;  
“ If it can be, O Father,  
Let this cup pass away ;  
But here's th' end of my coming  
That I should save my own ;  
Therefore I ask no favour—  
Thy will be always done.”

That cup was one most dreadful,  
He in His hand did take ;  
The whole world's sins around Him,  
And suff'ring for their sake ;  
All they could ever suffer,  
In hell, of pain and woe,  
Was laid on Him together ;  
He drank it for them too.

'Twas Satan entered Judas,  
That double-hearted man ;  
The crooked, greedy hypocrite,  
From God who wholly ran :  
The traitor sold his Saviour,  
And loving master wise ;  
And by a kiss betray'd Him,  
In friendship's seeming guise.

Then did they make a prisoner,  
Of Jesus, without cause ;  
To Pilate they did lead Him,  
To sentence Him to death ;

The Judge unjust condemned Him  
With witness false, he knew,  
(Because his conscience told him)  
Was innocent and true.

They bound, and then they scourged  
With penetrating blows ; [Him,  
Flesh from his bones they tore off  
In bruised masses close ;  
They spoiled His holy body,  
While down His wounds did flow ;  
The blood the world did purchase,  
Was priceless viewed below.

A crown of thorns they made then,  
And wove it strong and fast,  
For the more pain and shame this,  
Upon His head they placed ;  
The pricks, so sharp and galling,  
They drove into His head ;  
And with their filthy spittle,  
His glorious face they hid.

When they the crown placed on Him  
With pricks did sharply sting ;  
They clothed Him o'er with scarlet,  
A rod gave Him as king ;  
And they did speak, insulting,  
And mocking that just One ;  
" King of the Jews, hail to thee !"  
With all their knees bent down.

With violence they forced Him,  
His heavy cross to raise ;  
'Twas hard, yet it was needful,  
He should yield to their ways ;  
His loving veins were dried up,  
His strength lost in the road ;  
Till, going up the mountain,  
He sank beneath the load.

Upon that bed of agony,  
He willingly laid down ;  
Stretched on the cross, and naked,  
His joints torn, one from one ;  
His blessed holy body,  
The wretches tied up close ;  
With nails, and hammer driving,  
To bind Him to the cross.

They then the cross erected,  
And Jesus raised on high ;  
Upon the nails suspended,  
With fearful agony ;  
His very weight did tear out,  
Each wound in foot and hand ;  
His holy blood, so precious,  
Was poured upon the land.

And though the death they planned,  
Was full of shame and woe ;  
No murmur e'er came from Him,  
Against his greatest foe ;  
He rather did excuse them,  
To give protection true ;  
" O Father, give them pardon,  
They know not what they do."

God's heavy wreath was poured on Him,  
On every side that day ;  
His face of love He hid from Him,  
And turned His light away ;  
Till he cried out in anguish,  
" My God do not Thou take  
Away thy loving count'nance,  
Nor me in need forsake.

Had all that heavy vengeance,  
Our holy Jesus bore,  
Been laid upon all mankind,  
And angels with them more ;

All, in a passing moment,  
To death and wreck would turn ;  
The least part of His sufferings,  
The Universe would burn.

The God of hosts commanded,  
All rational creatures then,  
Which he himself created,  
To gather round the scene ;  
To see His love to mankind,  
And, in His justice poured,  
Upon His Son beloved,  
How much He sin abhorred.

That death was cursed, painful,  
In keen and vengeful way ;  
In shame and torment ling'ring  
While death still staid away ;  
'Twas something dreadful, horrible,  
Alive seven hours to hang ;  
The veins plucked from His body—  
Who can believe His pang ?

His body's juice was dried in  
The furnace of God's ire ;  
His faithful heart, so friendly,  
Did melt, like wax, by fire ;  
That tongue clave to His mouth, that  
E'er plead His people's cause ;  
The force of His sharp sufferings  
Wrang out His soul to death.

His piercing vision failed Him,  
His eyes became like glass ;  
His heart's veins, too, were breaking ;  
His neck pulsated fast ;  
Once robed in highest beauty,  
Now greenish turned His face ?  
Methinks I see His aspect  
While fighting hard to death.

Methinks I see His wounds—how  
The nails His flesh did tear ;  
The blood turned black about them ;  
His strength away did wear ;  
Death's impress came about Him ;  
He with His bloom did part ;  
Methinks I hear his groaning,  
And throbbing of His heart.

At last these words, " I'm thirsty,"  
To them did Jesus call ;  
A bitter drink they gave Him,  
Of vinegar and gall ;  
And then He cried, " 'Tis finished  
All I should do," and loud,  
A piercing shriek He uttered :  
To death His head He bowed.

That cry how loud and dismal !  
The Universe did hear ;  
Each rock on earth was broken ;  
The dead all leapt with fear ;  
The sun was turned to darkness,  
And changed was Nature's face ;  
Creation seemed declining,  
And hastening to its death.

The heavens were always joyful,  
And their glad hosts on high,  
Were, at that time, made sorrowful,  
And all their songs laid by ;  
When they beheld their Author,  
Laid low in the dark grave ;  
And death that being binding  
Who life to all things gave.

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## GOD'S MAJESTY.

O what is God, or what His name ?  
The highest angels do not know ;  
The radiant light is from them hid,  
Where neither eye nor thought can go.

His being from Himself doth flow,  
His attributes all uncreate ;  
In His own Nature without end,  
Sustained in self existent state.

He was not young, nor old shall be ;  
He doth eternal, changeless stay ;  
Nor sun, nor moon, His age can mete,  
For they will all change and decay.

He in His grace His glory shows,  
And endless day beams from His eye ;  
And heaven's bright armies quickly veil  
Their faces, with their wings on high.

And if, in wrath, His face He shows,  
Quick, terror spreads throughout the skies ;  
The universe does trembling move,  
And from His presence ocean flies.

From change proceeding on to change,  
The tide of creatures ebbs and flows ;  
But all their aspects end in One ;  
No ebb His sea of glory knows.



Near nothing men and angels are ;  
The womb our first beginning bounds ;  
His fullness of eternity,  
Ends not, through boundless ages' rounds.

When non-existence heard His voice,  
To life the great creation rose ;  
The universe—its contents all—  
The heavens high, and all their hosts.

His wondrous works throughout he tried,  
And blessed each creature in its state ;  
Nor did he need to alter one,  
Of all those things which He had made.

His spacious palm the concave forms,  
In which the stars roll circuits grand ;  
Creation leans upon His arm,  
Held in the hollow of His hand.

Who comprehends thy being, God ?  
The deep defies all reason bold ;  
Both men and angels' efforts are,  
As shells would strive the sea to hold.

From everlasting 'Thou art King ;  
This world is but of yesterday :  
A short account of thee we've heard,  
And seen but little of thy way.

To nothing though the sun should turn,  
And all within his vast domain ;  
No more Thy works would feel the loss,  
Than would the sea a drop of rain.

Creation's works, with glory fraught,  
But faintly bring Thy power to light ;  
All these tremendous works of Thine,  
Are but the earnest of Thy might.

With human judgment 'tis in vain,  
That we should search a shoreless sea ;  
The smallest letter in God's name,  
For our weak minds too great may be.

For there is nothing like to Thee,  
In all the things Thou didst create ;  
Nor language can Thy name describe,  
But that which in Thy word is set.

### THE HERO.

Not Alexander Great of old,  
Nor Caesar who did conquer Rome,  
Were heroes true, for though they won  
O'er others, they were slaves at home.

'Tis not heroic to tear men,  
Nor praise to be in fighting wild ;  
No nobleness in barb'rous pride ;  
Nor valour to be fierce, not mild.

But he's the hero who subdues,  
The fear of life, the dread of death ;  
And meets with a courageous mind,  
All that's ordained throughout his race.

With guilt and fear he will not hide,  
When conscience wakes within his soul ;  
Her pleadings he will meekly hear,  
And in true justice his peace hold.

He is the hero that subdues,  
His will beneath his reason's power ;  
And all his base, rebellious thoughts,  
Holds under rules severe, each hour.

His fleshly lusts he tramples down,  
And, as his body, them does rule ;  
Nor will he yet them gratify,  
As they're not born to have control.

At night when he lies down to rest,  
His virtuous thoughts around him go,  
Like soldiers standing round a king,  
To guard him from each mighty foe.

At morning when he rises up,  
Good thoughts do gather from each way ;  
And he himself their cunning chief,  
To set them in the strife's array.

To fight against the flesh's desire,  
All woe and sorrow here and pain ;  
Each snare and each trap-door of death,  
The devil uses against men.

His heart is steadfast as a rock ;  
No fear nor terror e'er him turns ;  
His eyes are vigilant and quick ;  
The hook he through the bait discerns.

In vain the world its glory shows,  
Its gold, its grandeur, and renown ;  
He has such plenty in his heart,  
He pities him who wears a crown.

And though the harlot spread her net,  
To catch him in her beauty's snare ;  
On his eyes' lightning 'tis in vain ;  
Her lit desires are powerless there.

His foe can never o'er him win,  
Though for a time, he's wearied some ;  
His strength and health's a broken heart,  
And on his knees he'll overcome.

Truth is the helmet crowns his head ;  
His trusty shield the grace of faith ;  
The Book of God his keen-edged sword ;  
And all his courage God conveys.

A tranquil peace his mind pervades,  
His conscience with him in each thing ;  
A store of viewless wealth he holds,  
Whose end this world can never bring.

Dark calumny tempts not his peace ;  
Smooth flattery he can never hear ;  
Detraction false wounds not his soul,  
Nor evil tale begets his fear.

O thou my soul ! thy arms prepare,  
This hero bold with envy view ;  
Thy beastly lusts do thou control,  
A kingdom in thee to subdue.

Be high in mind above the skies ;  
A wretched lot we've on this ground ;  
Behold this world a speck of earth,  
And men like ants upon it round.

Devoid of rest, going to and fro,  
And gath'ring from each place their store ;  
Sharply engaged 'bout broken sticks,  
And riding off, each other o'er.

When thou thus viewest this peopled world,  
Thy thoughts do gather unto thee ;  
Bliss, peace, and riches to enjoy,  
That in thy soul may endless be.

## A DREAM.

Once, when in slumbers arms reposed,  
Vain visions crossed my restless mind;  
Joy from each source I strove to draw,  
But nowhere could my object find.

Methought a being near me stole,  
And said that I was but a fool;  
To think that I could hold the wind,  
Or that this world can fill my soul.

" 'Tis vain for thee to seek for rest,  
In thing or place beneath the sun;  
For body on this side the grave,  
Or soul this side of heaven won.

" When Adam ate the fruit at first,  
Dark sin on all things left its stain;  
It filled all things with labour here,  
And made this world a place of pain.

" He lost his right to bliss of soul  
And all the joys in Eden known;  
O we're the seed of bitter tears!  
As lambs off from their mother gone.

" With bleating hard all things they chase,  
Expecting for their souls repose;  
But yet the world, step-mother like,  
No feeling, love, or pity shows.

" Fatigued with grasping lying shades,  
No rest nor peace can calm their mind ;  
Pleasure they suck from all things here,  
But barren breasts the whole they find.

" Some hardship will thee always press,  
While hope desired relief does see,  
At hand's length from thee, and yet still  
Within thy grasp it ne'er will be.

" Experience's tale will not thee teach,  
In prospect false no trust to place,  
That has a thousand times deceived,  
And still at the same distance stays.

" Was that not bitter to enjoy  
Always, which thou did'st most desire ?  
In expectation there's more joy,  
Than in a crown thou dost acquire.

" Just as the rose the garden rears,  
Its bloom decays when 'tis cut down ;  
You scarce have grasped it in your hand,  
When all its brilliant hues are gone.

" Nor is there one from sorrow free,  
Throughout the whole of Adam's race ;  
As many sighs the monarch heaves,  
As does the man that is most base.

" Above each fire its smoke ascends,  
And with each good is mingled woe ;  
The sting and honey closely lie ;  
The rose on prickly shrubs does grow.

" And shouldst thou see a wealthy man,  
Think not his happiness excels ;  
Some dregs are ever to be found,  
Within the purest, clearest wells.

"And should thy breath these dregs stir up,  
By hasty sucking from the well,  
The reddish stream will upward flow,  
And with its sands thy mouth will fill.

"And shouldst thou see one high in rank,  
He's like a nest in a tree top ;  
Each storm does threaten its downfall,  
And every wind does shake it up.

"That man the world does best provide,  
Has some discrepance in his state,  
That all his stratagems and strife,  
Will ne'er make altogether straight.

"Like to a crooked staff that is,  
From its own nature hard to bend :  
When you one end of it make straight,  
As sure you crook the other end.

"The Hebrews gathered less or more,  
Of manna poured from heaven down ;  
When each had gathered his own store,  
None more or less than others found.

"Just so is every wordly joy,  
Which thou dost in thy hand receive ;  
Along with wealth and high career,  
Are wasting, care, and pain to grieve.

"Though in thy way thou heap up gold,  
Against it lead will grow the more ;  
Yea, place a kingdom in the scale—  
Lost balance it will not restore.

"Each mortal has a competence ;  
And though thou thinkest more the best ;  
All that abundance will not ease  
Thy soul by sorrow's weight oppressed.

"A restless mind does cause thy pain,  
What thou once lov'dst, now hating most ;  
This world can never fill thy soul,  
While thus thy lusts are still opposed.

"And shouldst thou thy desire obtain,  
Thy beastly lusts would have their fill ;  
Nor highest heaven would desire,  
Nor there eternally to dwell.

"But though the flesh would dearly love,  
On earth to dwell while ages run :  
Yet the desire of boasting pride,  
Would be as high as is God's throne.

"But wouldst thou covet lasting bliss,  
Commit thy way to God on high,  
With faith, with love, and true desire,  
And all thy wants he'll satisfy.

"With this are all things in this world,  
That any can in truth possess ;  
Thy food, thy raiment, and thy health,  
Thy friendship, liberty and peace."

Then from my slumbers I did wake,  
And from my mind the vision stole ;  
I ceased to follow fleeting shades,  
And true contentment filled my soul.

## WINTER.

Lo Summer is ended,  
And Winter comes nigh us ;  
Of all growth the en'my,  
Our country's destroyer ;  
He tramples upon her,  
And spoils her of beauty ;



Nor mercy he sheweth,  
But plunders his booty.

His wings he spread o'er us,  
Behind Sol submerges ;  
Unnestled the young birds,  
Unfriendly to scourge us ;  
His snow-white and feath'ry,  
From heaven sends downward ;  
With hail and winds northern,  
As lead and as powder.

When cold his breath bloweth,  
Each rose feels his power ;  
His lips are as scissors,  
To clip each new flower ;  
He clips the woods' vestments,  
The ancient tree saves not ;  
Each fountain he chokes up,  
'Neath blue and black pavements.

His heart's freezing whistle  
The tempest and gale blows ;  
His yeast in the ocean,  
Swells fiercely the billows ;  
The sleet he did curdle  
On each mountain's summit ;  
The stars scoured and eleansed,  
Their light on us coming.

Each man and each an'mal  
Who in time prepared not,  
Is scourged by the tempest,  
And house or clothes has not ;  
And he who was active,  
Turns churlish and almless ;  
Nor will lodge the slothful,  
Though death's snows embalm him.

The bee and the emmet  
Who gathered their stores in,  
With wisdom unerring,  
Against winter's roaring,  
Now eat and drink honey,  
And food have in plenty,  
Beneath earth's protection  
Where frost may not enter.

The flies who so comely,  
Were idle in summer ;  
And in the bright sunbeams  
Did dance in good humor ;  
Nor cared nor prepared for  
The depth of the season,  
Are everywhere dying,  
Both foodless and freezing.

But hear me thou old man,  
And know what I mean here ;  
Death is coming nigh thee,  
This is my verse's winter ;  
If slothful he find thee,  
Without preparation,  
A death-bed repentance,  
May not prove salvation.

'Tis time to get godly,  
Thy locks turning greyish ;  
Thy face full of wrinkles,  
Thy teeth fast decaying ;  
Thy eyes turning rheumish,  
And naked thy forehead ;  
While curved thou art bending,  
Down to earth thy low bed.

Those ramified streamlets,  
Once through thee were flowing ;  
So strong and so playful ;  
So thin and quick moving ;

They now have subsided,  
Though once overflowing ;  
Now stiffen'd and cooled is,  
The blood proudly flowed.

The bellows of being,  
Worn useless is growing ;  
Within 'tis contracted  
How painful to blow it !  
The harp of thy body  
Refuses to play well—  
To thee a sure omen,  
Its strings are decaying.

Now gone is youth's morning,  
And vigor of noon-day ;  
The ev'ning turns greyish,  
And now is the sunset ;  
And if thou wert slothful  
Nor work or good done yet,  
Now quickly be waked up,  
Ere Heav'n's gates shut on thee.

As life's time time is spent here,  
It commonly endeth ;  
The habits grow stronger,  
And harder to rend out ;  
That verily's truthful,  
The proverb has stated :  
"The crook in the old stick,  
But seldom does straighten."

But vigorous young man,  
Give ear to my warning ;  
And cease to be foolish,  
In youth's sunny morning ;  
Old age and dread sickness  
Relentless pursue thee ;  
If either one seize thee,  
Thou sadly shalt rue it.

The age that pursues thee,  
Will wound as thou knowest not ;  
Thy eyes will see dimly ;  
Thy face's floods will flow out ;  
Thou'lt feel a cold trembling,  
And death's greenish aspect ;  
Nor thaw nor yet sun will,  
Thy hoar frost e'er waste out.

Yet worse will come on thee,  
Impairment of reason ;  
Of mem'ry and sharpness,  
And blindness that season ;  
A want of earth's wisdom,  
Of feeling within thee ;  
Both sense and strength wanting,  
Thou'lt be as an infant.

The heart will grow senseless  
And hard to be turned ;  
No warning will soften,  
Or bend it to mourning ;  
Just like to earth's surface,  
In winter's cold season ;  
Though thousands pass over,  
No mark you will see there.

Behold the year's season,  
And from it glean wisdom ;  
And if thou would'st reap yet,  
In spring time be busy ;  
For winter to warm thee,  
In summer make feel ;  
And if thou neglect it,  
Must empty pass through it.

If good seed thou sow not,  
In youth's smiling springtime ;  
Sure Satan will sow there  
Bad seed that will spring up,

In vice and in mischief,  
And plants wholly fleshly ;  
Thou'lt reap as thou sowedst,  
If virtuous or vicious.

If youth be unruly,  
Thy lusts be unreined ;  
So strong grow thou canst not  
Restrain them when aged ;  
The twig thou couldst twist not,  
A tree thou canst root not ;  
Its roots are still spreading,  
As branches do shoot out.

Thy life is uncertain,  
From sickness brings death on :  
Be diligent therefore,  
And early thy peace make ;  
Delay spoils each matter ;  
Repentance when late is  
Like sowing of seed down,  
When Martinmas' date comes.

The sun in the heavens  
Each day runneth stately ;  
And shortens thy life time  
Each ev'ning he setteth ;  
Quick runneth the shuttle  
Through threads thy life's loom in  
To weave thee a shroud out,  
Worms will be consuming.

If nigh thee death stealeth,  
Expected not by thee ;  
Too late thou wilt find it,  
On op'ning thy eyes up ;  
Like to a deep heart wound,  
Thy conscience will pain thee ;  
To bear just the same as  
In thorns to lie naked.

The fly see condemned  
By nature's own warning ;  
The season neglected,  
She therefore must starve out ;  
Behold the ant's wisdom  
In gathering early ;  
Pursue her example,  
That bliss thou may'st share yet.

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### THE SKULL.

The grave I sit by,  
And near it descry  
A skull of its covering shorn ;  
I raise from the spot  
With saddening thought,  
And round, in my hand, it turn.

Without beauty's glow,  
Without sense to know,  
The man who may near pass through ;  
No teeth in its jaw,  
No tongue there I saw,  
Nor palate a taste could know.

Its cheeks are not fair ;  
It has on no hair,  
Nor ear that can hear my cry ;  
No breath in its nose,  
Nor smell to it goes,  
But low where it should be high.

No light its eye shows,  
Nor eyelids inclose,  
Nor sight as of old to guide ;  
But worms of the dust,  
Who place there their trust,  
In place have dug two holes wide.

The brain that once was,  
Now turned to dust has;  
No counsel or cheer I find,  
Or thought of return,  
Again from thy bourne,  
To fix what was left behind.

Thy face tells not now,  
What, or, who wert thou,  
If monarch or duke thy name;  
He same is that died,  
The dunghill beside,  
As monarch of widest fame.

Grave digger, come near;  
Speak low in my ear;  
Come tell me what skull I've found?  
That I may ask all,  
Its course on this ball,  
Though never it hear the sound.

Wert thou a fair maid,  
In beauty arrayed,  
And comely in shape to th' eye?  
Thy grace with net's art,  
Entangling the heart  
Of youths, did thy charms espy?

Now every charm  
Love's arrows did arm,  
Has turned to what all must loathe;  
Ill fate to the grave,  
Of power did bereave  
Was wrapped in thy bloom of youth!

Or didst thou dispense,  
With knowledge and sense,  
As judge, justice strict to all;

Impartial in place,  
Condemning to death,  
The wrong on which pain should fall ?

Or was right by thee sold,  
For handfuls of gold,  
From him had abundant store ?  
And poor of the land,  
'Neath tyranny's hand  
Left suff'ring from hardship's power ?

If thou wert not just  
And true to thy trust,  
And didst the right cause pervert,  
'Tis certainly known,  
When death struck thee down,  
God gave thee thy just desert.

Or didst thou go round,  
For healing each wound,  
And curing each sickly wight ;  
Still making thy boast,  
With remedies vast,  
Thou'dst snatch e'en from death his  
right ?

Alas ! thou wert left  
Of their virtue bereft,  
When burdened with sore disease ;  
When plaster and dose,  
Were all of no use  
To keep thee one hour from death.

Or didst thou in war  
Win glory's proud star,  
By tactics in leading men ;  
Defeating thy foes,  
Pursuing them close,  
And leaving in mounds their slain ?



Did strength thee forsake—  
Thy sword's prestige break,  
When met by the hosts of earth?  
When forced to submit,  
Thy efforts in spite,  
To armies of ghastly birth?

The worms now with zeal  
Thy carcase assail,  
And daily by conquest take  
Their feast to the full;  
And now thy bleached skull  
Base beetles their fortress make.

Some deep thy mouth in  
Thy teeth undermine,  
And others thy ears do tear;  
Some swift through thy eye,  
In shoals I descry;  
Thy cheeks they despoil and bare.

Or drunkard wert thou  
To th' inn oft did go,  
And briskly the drams gulped down?  
Nor aught e'er did wish,  
As thine of God's bliss,  
But fumes thro' thy brain upblown?

For thee was no sound,  
Like oaths the board round,  
And trying whose fist best told;  
A horse like or cow,  
Thy reason cast low,  
And vomiting round the bowl?

Or was straight thy path,  
With amiable grace,  
At table with temp'rate care;

Thy appetites all  
'Neath rigorous thrall  
When sitting to sumptuous fare ?

Or glut'nous and fierce  
Like curs in red flesh,  
Didst greedily tear thy food,  
Thy appetite keen,  
So hard to restrain,  
Thy belly thy ruling God ?

That same belly now,  
To which thou didst bow  
Is filled up with dust and sand ;  
Thy teeth closed around  
Thy tongue, are all bound,  
Fast under death's brazen band.

Or has a lord great,  
Who owned vast estate,  
By chance to my hand here strayed ?  
Who pitied the poor,  
The naked clothed o'er,  
From plenty of goods he had ?

Or didst thou with wrath  
Thy tenants oppress,  
With rent make their cheeks thy prey ?  
With cruel demand,  
Herds tear from their land,  
While poverty plead delay ?

Not near thee would dare,  
To come except bare,  
The wretched bald head of age ;  
With bonnet in hand,  
The abjects must stand,  
Though cut by the cold wind's rage.

Thy slave buried near  
Nor honor nor fear,  
Nor homage nor rent gives now ;  
Much praise be to death,  
So soon stopped thy breath,  
Nor here let thee pride to show.

Or didst thou proclaim,  
With zeal like a flame,  
The Gospel as sent of God,  
The people to win,  
Who trod swiftly in  
The downward, hell-ending road ?

Or didst not regard  
Like step-mother hard,  
Nor care for God's chosen vine ;  
And would, if the fleece,  
Thou got'st for increase,  
The flock to the fox resign ?

Most sure thy reward  
Thou hadst at the bar,  
When round by death's power driven  
Before the high state  
Of heaven's shepherd great,  
T' account for the talents given.

Was once this base skull  
Of schemes of death full,  
First cunningly formed in thought,  
Then practiced in deed,  
Without fear or dread,  
Thou'dst e'er to God's bar be brought ?

Was thine the base tongue,  
Unfettered in wrong,  
And wounding thy neighbor's name ;

Thy mouth's venom'd sting,  
Like serpent's did bring,  
To hundreds each day sore maim ?

Now still it remains,  
Under death's iron's chains,  
No longer the country's plague ;  
Now moulded in place,  
Worms filthy and base,  
Have gnawed it from back to edge.

If such was thy path,  
Till cut off by death,  
Nor didst while in time prepare,  
Here taking brief rest,  
Make heaven of thy nest,  
Till called to His awful bar.

Like toad that is seen,  
Black, ugly, unclean,  
Thou'lt rise from the pit of hell,  
When coming again,  
With Christ to meet then,  
And get full reward of ill.

'Neath sentence when hemmed,  
By justice condemned,  
He'll drive thee to tort'ring flame,  
For fierce fiends of hell,  
Prepared—there to dwell,  
While furious His wrath will maim.

He'll harden thy bones,  
Like iron or stones,  
Thy veins make like strings of brass ;  
Thy flesh make like steel  
Of th' anvil, so 'twill  
Not waste by the heat's excess.

Or wert thou a head,  
Was sober and staid,  
And pious abhorring wrong?  
Though now bleached and bare,  
No wisdom thy share,  
Nor nostril, nor eye, nor tongue,

Rejoice in the tomb;  
Thou'lt rise when will come  
The sound of the trumpet great;  
Corruptions all leave,  
Behind in the grave,  
With worms of the loathsome pit.

Then God will put on,  
Thy bloom like the sun,  
When rising o'er mountain's brow;  
Those eyes without light,  
Have piercing eye-sight,  
And shine like a star's bright glow.

And then very soon,  
Thy tongue He will tune  
In Heaven His praise to sound;  
And open thy ear,  
The sweet strains to hear,  
From hosts in his temple round.

When Jesus will come,  
To bring his own home,  
And shine in his glory bright,  
Thou'lt leap up with joy,  
To meet him on high,  
As swift as the eagle's flight.

When risen through the air,  
He'll soon hail thee there,  
To enjoy through unending time,

Communion, and love,  
And friendship above,  
With Him in that blissful clime.

Thou hearest my rhyme,  
Repent now in time,  
While reason and health are given,  
Lest, seized on by death,  
Thou never canst pass  
The gates that lead into heaven.

### A PRAYER.

O ! Lord and God of glory, Thou  
O'er all earth's peoples great high King,  
In lips unclean and vile to take,  
Thy greatest name, how bold a thing !

The highest angels formed by Thee,  
How weak their strength ! how blind their  
ways !  
How ignorant of Thy great works !  
How far behind Thy state their praise !

Before Thy pure and piercing eyes,  
Heaven's highest stars appear unclean ;  
Nor are the holiest angels free  
Before Thy Majesty from sin.

But O wilt Thou Thyself bow down,  
To hear a worm low in the dust,  
That sees but little of Thy face,  
Beneath thy footstool that does rest.

Let not Thy wrath burn fierce O God,  
While I to Thee my prayer raise ;  
My vile corruption and my sin,  
With shame confess before Thy face.

My sins are like the mountains great ;  
With many wounds they have me stung ;  
Their weight has bruised my wretched soul,  
And from my eyes sore tears have wrung.

Canst Thou O perfect God, save me,  
And not Thy justice stern condemn ?  
And if I'm by Thy mercy saved,  
Can any in this world condemn ?

Must Thou not justice strict refuse,  
Or me to endless ruin leave ?  
My horrid guilt scarce leaves Thee choice,  
Of grace or mercy Thou canst give.

And every malediction writ,  
Within Thy Word with threat'ning dread,  
O Lord I have deserved from Thee,  
That Thou should heap them on my head.

Although the heavens grow black with gloom,  
Strike with the thunder of Thy might ;  
Though Thou to hell should'st cast me down,  
Forever I'll confess it right.

But yet may that most mighty flame  
That swiftly cleaves apart the flood,  
Come nigh me through the death of Christ,  
While taking refuge 'neath His blood ?

The blood avenged Thy justice keen,  
And from the cross to earth did stream ;  
My hope rests on it, O my King,  
That Thou wilt not my soul condemn.

Within that well poured from His side,  
O God of peace wash thou me clean !  
To give me life from Jesus' death,  
And freedom from the power of sin.

Light love within my heart and grant  
Faith stronger that His death will save ;  
And strengthen me Him to obey  
In every holy law He gave.

O plant Thou me in Christ, and make  
My withered tree with blossoms bloom ;  
And let each virtue load my branch,  
And make it down to earth to come.

Grant me contentment with my lot,  
Whatever place on earth I fill ;  
May evermore Thy will be done,  
If rich or poor, if sick or well.

O ! God is gracious when He gives !  
And full of love when He denies ;  
Each loss and cross He sends is but  
A blessing in a diff'rent guise.

O God be thanked, who to me sent,  
The Saviour great in whom I see,  
The price paid for my wretched soul—  
The ransom of my liberty.

He bent His back beneath the stroke,  
To raise my soul high to His throne ;  
Each gift I have from Him has cost  
Him pain intense, and racking groan.

My earthly thoughts to heaven raise,  
Grant me an earnest of Thy grace,  
To drive my ev'ry fear away,  
And save me from the dread of death.



Then swell the ocean's hoist'rous waves,  
 And roar the tempests of the sky ;  
 To deal out death on ev'ry side,  
 Let earth quake, famine, plague, destroy.

Be Thou a God to my own soul,  
 And I'll them all as friends enjoy ;  
 Fire will not burn without thy word,  
 Nor sea devonr, nor plague destroy.

While power in thy hand remains,  
 From ev'ry ill I'll be secure ;  
 Nor do I fear that I will want,  
 Or that Thou ever canst be poor.

My earnest fear, and my desire,  
 Do centre wholly 'neath Thy wing ;  
 For heaven and earth, and hell below,  
 Obedience render to my King.

### THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.

With melody perfect the singing of Zion,  
 To Him that did save her from death,  
 Gives honor and praises, and glory undying,  
 And sings of unchangeable grace ;  
 Hallelujah ever the army of glory  
 Keep raising, the King's throne around ;  
 And those who on earth do the Lamb fol-  
 low after,  
 Are cheered in their heart by this sound.

The great Redeemer of honor and glory,  
 Is worthy—He suffered to death ;  
 He did from the heaven of heavens our woe  
 see ;  
 He saw, and he pitied our case ;

The blows we laid on Him, He suffered entirely ;

Our salvation He thus did effect,  
And His wounds and His sores are unceasingly crying,  
All creatures do give Him respect

Thy love from the first, O how free, and how wondrous,

To wretches deserving but death,  
When thou didst come down with the sound of the gospel,

And no one deserving Thy grace ;  
We had neither refuge, nor home, nor protection,

No shelter nor covert from wrath ;  
And the curses of God gave us naught but rejection

And consignment forever to death.

But the Lamb from the fall His own people did purchase,

He captured the key of grim death ;  
And His people's salvation His heart's in always,

They never will fall from His grace ;  
On Calvary's Mount the full cup of deep anguish

He drank—spilt His blood on the ground ;  
He gloriously won in the mighty great warfare,

And all His strong enemies did wound.

There's blood Him around, and His cheeks are hard sweating,

The winepress of wrath He did tread ;  
But his beauty the sun and the moon far exceedeth ;

His count'nance is white and is red ;

Though He lay in the grave He did conquer  
it quickly,  
And triumphantly rose to His home;  
As a Lamb on the throne He now evermore  
sitteth,  
And the heavenly hosts near him come.

'Twas His own love eternal that proffered  
us favor,  
And God in the flesh having been;  
And the cup of His love then for us flowing  
over,  
All free for our souls to drink in;  
There is virtue to nourish His children His  
love in,  
That is better than milk or than wine;  
And the soul that is wretched, hard-follow-  
ed and empty,  
Him the city of refuge will find.

There is balm in His death, in his promise  
salvation,  
Communion with God 'neath His wing;  
And the virtues to grow from his grace  
that are flowing  
On the power of last death will bring.  
There are rivers of bliss that in health and  
in glory,  
Alive from the ancient rock spring;  
The water of life when 'tis pure, unpolluted,  
All those who it drink will make sing.

He's my righteousness free, and my rock of  
salvation,  
My Saviour, my holiness clean;  
My altar, my friend, my peace off'ring ob-  
lation,  
My Prophet, my Priest, and my King;

He's the head corner stone, and our certain foundation,

The One who has earned my love's glow ;  
At the time of His coming I will be like to Him,  
Though abject and poor I am now.

Though I lie in the dust at the great resurrection,

I will rise for to give him the praise ;  
And when all earth's elements are flying His presence,

I hope to come near to His face ;  
On the throne of His glory He'll sit while descending

From heaven in splendor His saints Him surround ;

All peoples shall gather—the grave shall be shaken,

By the great day's all conquering sound.

The powers of the sky and the earth and the heaven,

Shall all pass away with great noise ;  
And the goats from the sheep shall be separate driven

Who on earth did not yield to His voice ;  
All refuges false shall be finally tested ;

All falsehood and shadow shall fly ;  
And the mountains and rocks shall be humbly requested.

To hide them from God's piercing eye.

There's such might in his voice that the heart it will shatter,

And all human flesh make to quake ;  
And from His near presence all those He will scatter,  
Who death their own portion did make ;

"Go cast them forever to darkness and  
anguish,  
Where never the sun they shall see ;"  
How piercing the shriek, O how dreadful  
the standing  
Of those without God that shall be !

But blessed forever, and happy the number,  
By Christ that were purchased from  
death ;  
His own gracious power shall them fault-  
less before Him,  
In glory and confidence place ;  
He will give them white robes ; He will  
crown them with glory ;  
He will cover them all without stain ;  
Their troubles are o'er ; they shall sorrow  
no more see,  
And bliss they shall ever retain.

At my hardness and coldness of heart how  
I wonder,  
Whenever my tongue does declare,  
That love which all nations and peoples  
did conquer,  
And no love can with it compare ;  
That love which the angels desire to be  
viewing,  
And how wicked and base is my mind,  
When it would not forever dwell on it  
abiding,  
If in my own self I it find.

Since Thou wilt come shortly, give grace to  
be watching,  
And my love and my faith make to grow ;  
And bend my stiff heart unto prayer and  
fasting,  
That I may be ready to go ;

And all the creation awaits a renewal,  
And their eye on that day of Thy wrath,  
When Thy people Thou'lt save from the  
grave and corruption,  
From error, from sin, and from death.

But few have been named of His glorious  
virtues ;  
All people Thy beauty excels ;  
Thou'rt the Gentile's desire, and the sun  
Thou excellest,  
Thou art words that in grace flow like  
rills ;  
Thou'rt the vine of the branches, the  
star of the morning,  
The sun the dark clouds to dispel ;  
And while for Thy flock, Thou'rt in bliss  
interceding,  
They never shall wander to hell.

Thou'rt the praiseworthy branch that did  
grow up in newness,  
From heaven to earth Thou didst bend ;  
And the fruit Thou didst bear, if they seek  
it in trueness,  
All Jews and all Gentiles will find ;  
Thy name is as dew with perfume odorif'  
rous,  
All light and all grace from Thee flow ;  
And the words of Thy mouth like the  
honey-comb's sweetness,  
The trumpet of mercy to blow.

Thou'rt the gracious Physician salvation to  
carry,  
To those who are wounded in soul ;  
Thou'rt the serpent of brass once by Moses  
erected,  
Displayed on the Gospel's own pole ;

Thou'rt the Pance of our Peace who will  
 terminate warfare,  
 In the kingdom by grace Thou didst  
 found ;  
 Thou'rt the banner of conquest the people  
 to gather,  
 Who follow and know thy voice's sound.  
 Thou Thyself art the guide who will lead  
 them returning,  
 From the dark polar regions of sin :  
 And thy grace to their soul as the ~~sun~~ of  
 the morning,  
 To strengthen, renew, and them clean ;  
 Thou'rt the Lion of Judah, of heroes the  
 flower ;  
 Out of the dark grave Thou didst rise ;  
 And the foes of Thy glory will bend 'neath  
 Thy power,  
 When in triumph Thou'lt come in the skies.  
 In the court of Thy glory Thou art  
 Intercessor,  
 Near standing to mercy's white throne ;  
 Thou'rt the covenant angel, of incense the  
 the mixer,  
 Their prayers purified to make known ;  
 Thou 'rt the head of Thy Church, (of all  
 symbols the substance) ;  
 Thou ever her cause wilt uphold ;  
 And in Thee the priest and the sacrifice  
 ended,  
 Of all types Thou 'rt the meaning and soul.  
 Thou 'rt the ~~aim~~ and the meaning entire  
 of the Bible,  
 Dictated by God that has been ;  
 Thou 'rt the life of all flesh, and creation's  
 high glory,  
 The noblest we ever have seen ;

Thou 'rt the sun and the glory, the grand  
theme of heaven ;  
Thou pourest Thy grace from above ;  
Though eternity endless unto us be given,  
We never can search out Thy love.

O you who have loved Him depart the  
world's errors,  
Forsake and relinquish all sin ;  
And follow Himself with unwavering foot-  
steps,  
Obeying His statutes within ;  
O be holy in heart and do love most  
sincerely  
His people, Himself, and His way ;  
And at present His grace make the song you  
love dearly,  
Till you reach the bright regions of day.

### THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

Our youth display such vanity,  
With fleshly beauty glide,  
Pursuing each new fashion,  
To gratify their pride ;  
If clothed in silken raiment,  
In finest wool and gold ;  
If like the rose their cheeks bloom :  
Vain glory fills their soul.

Though I with highest beauty,  
All others should transcend,  
'Tis like the meadow's blossom—  
Its glories quickly end ;  
Though silk should be my clothing,  
The abject worm it made ;  
The rest are but habiliments  
The humble sheep once clad.



All these give not such bloom as  
The daisies of the glen ;  
'Twill scamper like a shadow  
Nor with me long remain ;  
Dread sickness will despoil it,  
The grave will be its end ;  
There I must lie and moulder,  
Unknown by foe or friend.

But this gives lasting beauty—  
His image rules above ;  
Holiness and righteousness,  
And every grace with love ;  
Th' obedience of the Saviour  
Our saving garment made ;  
A righteousness eternal,  
Whose beauty ne'er can fade.

This is the beautiful garment,  
Bright as the noonday sun ;  
And with the Triune's counsel,  
Its every part was done ;  
It cannot suffer mending,  
Nor ever needs the pains ;  
Christ with His death did purchase  
And gives it to his friends.

'Twill fit the race of Adam,  
Each creature, rank and place ;  
And all who will may wear it ;  
'Tis free to them through grace ;  
Of that unfading garment,  
My soul seek thou a share ;  
'Twill fit thee while in time here,  
At death and at the bar.

Each filthy rag abandon  
And wrap thyself with care  
In this most comely garment,  
Transcends all others far ;

In gold though they be habited  
More glorious far art thou ;  
The lilies and the roses,  
No bloom like thine can show.

Salvation it will give thee,  
When round thee wraps each fold ;  
Its genial warmth will cheer thee,  
When others die with cold ;  
'Twill despise earthly grandeur  
And lofty pride abase ;  
'Twill spread love through thy nature,  
And pity bring and grace.

Though constantly thou wear it,  
Its glory will not dim ;  
And for the King's young daughter,  
'Twill do for bridal trim ;  
In presence of all nations,  
'Twill clothe thy ransom'd soul,  
And bright with it in glory,  
Thou'lt shine while ages roll.

Though blasting age come round thee  
And all thy graces fly ;  
Thy youth again 't will renovate  
Like th' eagle of the sky ;  
'Twill fill with strength God's people,  
In trav'ling up their way ;  
And all its various virtues,  
Are wondrous to portray.

The soldier wore this garment,  
In day of strife and war ;  
It made so bold he felt not,  
Of death or woe the fear,

Unscathed by Satan's soldier,  
He got no mortal wound ;  
But turned again to Paradise,  
With victory's laurels crowned.

'Twas with it godly women,  
Did make themselves so fair ;  
Of old 'twas with it Sarah,  
Excelled all others far ;  
Her daughters now on earth are  
The comeliest all among ;  
Love's spirit breathes within them,  
And grace dwells on their tongue.

And those whom John beheld once  
Sang new songs round the throne ;  
He saw they all were virgins,  
Hymning the Lamb's renown ,  
And saying, praise Him ever ;  
His grace the victory gave ;  
We'll dwell blest in His presence ;  
Nor hear of death or grave.

THE END.

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